THE New Republic

Is Now the Time to Talk With the Soviets?

Pages 3-4

The Decline of American Government

In his second article, Hans J. Morgenthau predicts: "We are but at the beginning of our disillusions, frustrations and tribulations"

No Easy Way for the South . . . *Lillian Smith*

Darwin of the Bureaucrats . . . *Charles Curran*

Rivera's Monumental Art . . . . *Frank Getlein*

Neither Captive Nor Free . . . . *Irving Howe*

DECEMBER 16, 1957

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Washington Wire

Keep Smiling

THE COUNTRY is in grave, perhaps mortal danger, and the question is what the patriotic layman can do to help. He can't build missiles. Apportioning blame does no good, at least for the moment. The contribution he can make is to understand the problem and react to it by creating a climate of opinion.

Substitute "sputnik" for stock market crash and you have today a situation like 1929. Neither Hoover nor Eisenhower could fully acknowledge his disasters because it would convict him of guilt. The official posture of optimism—the White House cries against "panic" — delayed necessary remedies. Hoover gave us ten years of depression; the stakes today are infinitely greater. They may have to be paid unless we force honest appraisal at once; perhaps even then.

In a parliamentary system a discredited government is said to "fall"; in America it hangs on the branch and rots. There is no quick way of getting rid of it. Our system is terribly cruel. Hoover remained two years after the crash and became a butt and scapegoat. Eisenhower has still longer to serve; he may face (unless he voluntarily quits or collapses) a similar fate. Our system of disposing of a discredited administration has all the sordid brutality of killing a rat in a trapped room with a coal shovel. This reporter saw it happen to Hoover. It is a dreadful thing, and it doesn't create missiles.

See the parallelism of the situation. Clarence Randall, special Presidential adviser on foreign policy, 1957: The satellite is "a silly bauble." Andrew Mellon, 1929: "I see nothing in the present situation that is either menacing or warrants pessimism."

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey (1957): "The real danger of the Sputnik . . . is that some too eager people may now demand hasty and sensational action." Dr. Julius Klein (Hoover's personal economic soothsayer) on the radio October 29, 1929, deplored gloom and declared "the fundamental business of the country" is sound.

Donald Quarles, Air Force Secretary, 1957: "No cause for alarm"; Herbert Hoover, February, 1930: "There is nothing in the situation to be disturbed about."

In such a crisis officials have an automatic reaction of preventive incantation. But they have supporters. There is a vested interest in their success. Big business has supported them; its prestige is at stake. So is that of the press which, in Eisenhower's case, notoriously glossed over facts. In America the natural home of the half-truth is the editorial page. That is why even now the press is tempted to support the official line of attempted complacency.

Here for example is the December issue of the 20-million-circulation *Reader's Digest,* reprinting a condensed article by Henry Hazlitt out of *Newsweek* on the Soviet earth satellite. It says that "the grave danger" is that "some of us may react hysterically." It says that the "most serious false conclusion" is that "all plans for economy in government must now be thrown to the winds." It winds up that "our long-run security" depends as much on "our economy" as "upon the development of specific weapons."

Don't Panic

SO THERE you have it, "don't panic and keep the budget balanced." Eisenhower reportedly puts full emphasis on the balanced budget, too. Personally, we think, with scientist George Price in *Life* magazine, that there is a strong case for being panicky—if that means understanding our danger. What can the layman do? He can try by every personal means to help instill that sense of urgency in the Administration which it either lacks or is afraid to show. And while we are on the subject, our hat in the air for the magnificent articles of Hans Morgenthau in this magazine.

As we write this the Paris NATO summit meeting is a week away. We have information that Eisenhower made his ability to attend a test of whether he would continue in office. He gave, you remember, a public pledge, March 7, 1956, "unless I felt absolutely up to the performance of the duties of the President . . . I would no longer be there." Last week as the snow changed to dreary rain on the slopes of his Gettysburg estate the old soldier looked over the pastures where the boys of Blue and Gray battled a century before and considered his duty. The doctors, according to our information, were divided. The rocket fiasco in Florida had made it harder to quit even had he wanted to. He tremendously wanted to go. Yet the formula remained to haunt him—"absolutely up to the performance of the duties of the President. . . . "

Who Is Left?

POLITICIANS aren't missing the fact that five sitting GOP Senators have so far announced they won't seek re-election next year: Smith (N.J.), Martin (Penna.), Payne (Maine), Knowland (Calif.) and now Jenner (Ind.). Another, Williams of Delaware, is hesitating. No Democrat has withdrawn. Knowland, of course, is quitting to further other ambitions, but the rest undoubtedly recognize that next year may be a Republican holocaust. Jenner's startling decision marks the end of something or other. He is the last of the red-baiting Big Three: McCarthy died, rebuked by the Senate; Welker was defeated; Jenner quits. Who is left who rose to the seats of the mighty by impugning the loyalty of his opponents? Only one that we can think of—he presides over the Senate.

Everyone praises the AFL-CIO for expelling the corrupt Teamsters Union, but much of this praise is hypocritical. Do you think management will now help the honest unions against the Becks and Hoffas? What has happened is that the parent body has lost 10 percent of its members and $800,000 in dues, failed to make its primacy absolute even yet, and created a new labor split. Virtuous? Of course it was virtuous, but it still remains to see if virtue pays off in this case. Management chuckles as big strikes loom in the recessionary year of 1958 and organized labor is divided and weakened.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *Voting to Obey the Law*

SIRS:

IT APPEARS to me that *The New Republic*, November 11, missed the point in favorably reporting the integration of schools in Pleasanton, Texas, after the people of that community had voted for school integration by a vote of 322 to 88.

(Continued on page 23)

The Shifting Danger

THE MAIN events of the past week and the week to come—including the over-ballyhooed bust of the Vanguard rocket and the gathering of NATO statesmen in Paris—come into focus only when seen against the backdrop of recent Soviet behavior. The most striking thing to us about the flood of official declarations and interviews that have lately come from Moscow is the contrast between the poverty of ideas and the tone of brash over-confidence. The poverty is, of course, due to the continuing crisis of the Communist ideology; the over-confidence reflects the growth of Soviet military power. The combination is disturbing.

The Moscow Declaration just adopted by all ruling Communist parties except the Yugoslavs insists on nine "basic laws applicable in all countries embarking on a socialist course"; it calls for an "intensified struggle against opportunist trends," because "the main danger at present is revisionism or, in other words, right-wing opportunism . . . paralyzing the revolutionary energy of the working class."

In plainer English, this amounts to an admission that the attempt to grant to the various Communist parties and governments increased autonomy in finding their own "road to socialism" has led to a dangerous weakening of doctrinaire unity and practical cohesion, that henceforth the limits of autonomy will be strictly prescribed by the Soviet Union—"the first and mightiest Socialist power"—and that heretics who refuse to submit will have to be dealt with as exponents of the influence of the "class enemy," *i.e.* suppressed by force. It is a far cry from the "Leninist Renaissance" which Khrushchev seemed so eager to inaugurate at the 20th Party Congress less than two years ago.

But in the earlier parts of the same Declaration (as well as in the "Peace Manifesto" signed by 64 Communist parties) and in the latest Soviet note to Turkey and above all in the unending stream of interviews by Khrushchev himself, we also observe Soviet power very much on the offensive. Day in and day out, the claim is repeated that the Soviet bloc already holds a preponderance of power—actual military power and potential economic strength—over its "capitalist" enemies; again and again the conclusion is rammed home that now the Kremlin talks "from positions of strength." Peace is no longer to be brought about gradually by a relaxation of tension, but on the contrary by a threatening display of Soviet might. The language of Soviet propaganda and diplomacy has changed abruptly compared to the period when the chief emphasis was on "peaceful coexistence," and now recalls the founding of the Cominform 10 years ago, when the late Andrei Zhdanov told the assembled Communist leaders that the "main danger" was "to underestimate our own strength and to overestimate the strength of the enemy."

Though the relation of forces has indeed greatly changed in favor of the Soviets since then, so far as we know Russian intercontinental rockets are not yet available in large numbers, nor have anti-aircraft defenses

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actually reached the point where Western bombers are obsolete. The real situation seems rather that the Soviets may reach a definite military preponderance in, say, two years—*unless* the West succeeds in the meantime at least in getting its intermediate-range missiles operational, in distributing them on a ring of bases within range of the Soviet Union, and in putting at NATO's disposal a much more substantial force than it now has, armed for both nuclear *and* conventional action.

Here, then, is the clue to Khrushchev's new diplomacy of intimidation: by boasting of a superiority which is not as great as he would have the world believe, he is seeking to prevent NATO powers from taking in time the measures which alone can prevent him from attaining this superiority in the near future. He is telling our forward allies that they can no longer count on American retaliation against local attack, in order to frighten them off from consenting to the establishment of missile launching sites on their territory. He is telling us that the US is now too vulnerable to afford the defense of exposed allies, in order to frighten us into a continental isolation in which we would be far more vulnerable. If Khrushchev succeeds, it will be the end of NATO; if he fails, his chance of turning the spectacular technical success of the Sputniks into a decisive military-political advantage will have gone. The height of the stakes explains the heat of his campaign.

That is the background against which we place recent suggestions that call for another round of Summit meetings now with the Russians. In our judgment, the US is in a highly unfavorable position to ask for or to successfully engage in any such negotiations. Our immediate task is to pick ourselves up off the floor and repair as rapidly as possible the destruction *we have brought upon ourselves* by our complacency and by the narrowness of our national ambitions.

☆

Does this mean, as the Admiral Radfords have implied, that East-West negotiations are always fruitless? Obviously not, unless we fail completely. Lines of communication must always be kept open: not all the gains the Russians seek have to be our losses. The Soviets were interested in achieving a Korean truce, and later a truce in Vietnam, and so were we. They may well have been genuinely interested in sterilizing the Middle East as a breeding area of the East-West conflict when they proposed talks aimed at a joint arms embargo during the Suez war.

As time goes on, and the world more widely understands the price of nuclear conflict, it is our belief that the possibility of preventive negotiations of this sort become more frequent than in the past, and vastly more important to seize upon.

But let us understand that negotiations themselves are battles in the Cold War, and that with rare exceptions it is unwise of the US to try to extricate itself from a weak position by Summit conferences. Thus, when it is said, as it is by the *Nation* magazine, that "whether we like it or not, the only alternative to trusting the Russians is to fight them," we are really given no choice at all. Fortunately it is not as bad as that. We need not, nor dare we, base our diplomacy on either "trust" or preventive war. What we need to do and can do is to regain trust in our own purposes, and to begin putting our own house in order. We doubt that Khrushchev intends to launch an intercontinental rocket war; all the evidence is that he does not even really intend to launch a local war, though there is a risk that he may be tempted to gamble on a surprise attack somewhere on the periphery of the Soviet empire if he fails to win his point by bluff. But we must not blink the fact that military threats have once again become one of the principal weapons of Soviet diplomacy, and as we have been insisting the past several weeks, these threats have to be neutralized by a military effort on our part sufficient to restore confidence throughout our system of alliances.

☆

Will the effort be made? We confess that we are near despair. Not only does the Administration downgrade the danger of our growing weakness by comparison with the Communist world, appearing to stand more in awe of an unbalanced budget than anything else, but also there is in Congress and elsewhere the familiar tendency to simplify the nature and extent of the Soviet challenge. A couple of years ago, Congress reacted to the spectacle of Russian jet bombers by trying to force the Administration to buy more jet bombers for the US Air Force. Today there are signs that the Congress will respond to the Soviet missile lead by pouring plenty of money into the US missile program, but neglecting other needed defense items, not to speak of essential foreign aid programs.

Moreover, while the Administration hints of the possibility of increasing military expenditures in the next year by $1 billion, and Democrats speak of a $2 billion increase, what we ought to be planning is an expansion of our defense establishment on a far more sweeping scale. The defense study committee headed by Rowan Gaither Jr. has warned that such expansion might well involve annual defense expenditures as much as $10 billion above present levels. Even $10 billion, we are prepared to believe, may not be enough. We would support such expansion precisely because we believe that accommodation with the Russians can and must be achieved and must, indeed, be pursued as our central objective. Yet neither "hectic encounters" at the Summit decried by George Kennan, nor orderly explorations behind the scenes can be expected to yield agreements until we have proved our capacity to bargain from strength.

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Responsible Rule and the President

WE AGREE with Walter Lippmann and others who urge that the President step aside and permit Mr. Nixon temporarily to assume office. The difficulty, in our opinion, is that there is no reason to suppose Mr. Eisenhower will step aside. American Presidents don't abdicate, and they don't appoint regents. And the wishful writing about resignation since the President's most recent illness is, we fear, so much self-delusion.

There are, however, changes in the operation of the Presidency which can be brought about without Mr. Eisenhower's resigning and which he could be brought to tolerate. These changes are needed whether his recovery is partial or complete. For the trouble with Mr. Eisenhower is not that he is sicker than when we re-elected him—nor indeed that he is sick now and was well when we first elected him. The trouble with Mr. Eisenhower is that he is Mr. Eisenhower, and nothing is going to change him.

Now this is the man in the White House, and the only prudent assumption on which to proceed is that he will remain there for another three years. Let us not wail, nor harbor ghoulish expectations, nor compound foolishness with implausible suggestions. In 1946, when Mr. Truman had not yet had a chance to become the President he later was, and when the country elected a Republican Congress (and what a Congress!), a distinguished Southern Senator, whose record on the whole entitles him to anonymity in this connection, suggested that Mr. Truman appoint Arthur Vandenberg Secretary of State and then resign. Under the Succession Act, as it then stood, Vandenberg would have succeeded to the Presidency. Many of the suggestions that are abroad now are of this Rube Goldbergian order. It behooves us instead to think realistically about alleviating our predicament.

First. The strength of a democratic government depends, of course, on the maintenance of an absolute correspondence of responsibility and authority. But we do not maintain this correspondence only at the polls every four years. We do it also daily, through the play of public opinion. Much of our difficulty would be solved therefore if we could clearly pin responsibility on officials other than the President who are actually exercising authority. We can insist that the fictions of Presidential decisions which are forever being foisted on the country be stripped away, and that Mr. Dulles, Mr. McElroy, Mr. Adams, Mr. Strauss and the others, and increasingly Mr. Nixon, stand forth as responsible to the actual extent of their authority. The press can insist on this and the Congress can.

Second. Government by committee is no substitute for Presidential government, but it is not altogether impossible. There will be many decisions cutting across the fields of authority and responsibility of such officials as those named above. It should most often be feasible to take them in committee. But the committee and its authority ought to be established and known, and there is no reason why Congress should not establish the committee by statute as it created the National Security Council. Neither statute nor anything else can abrogate the President's constitutional powers. But in our present situation these exist in theory only, though Mr. Eisenhower's power to fire and hire and his personal authority over policy, should he wish to exert it, must on their face remain unimpaired. Again, the point here is: let us formalize what will be going on anyway, and let us bring it out in the open where public opinion can play on it.

Third. The role of Congress should be strengthened. Congressional government is justly in bad odor in our tradition. It is identified with unwise Reconstruction policies following the Civil War. But that experience should not frighten us from getting in the present quite different situation such sustenance as we can from a special, representative and authoritative, committee of both Houses on the conduct of the Executive. Such a committee should first participate in formulating, in legislative form wherever at all feasible, clearly and openly defined lines of executive authority and responsibility. The committee might then take it upon itself to police these lines of authority to see that they are kept open and clear. Finally, perhaps, it should be represented on delegations that conduct important foreign negotiations and on whatever body is at last prescribed by statute to declare ultimate Presidential disability or accession of the Vice President.

It might be argued that such an arrangement would upset our regular party structure and that the Democrats would be throwing away good issues by joining the Republicans in setting up a committee system. But this is not true. Once the lines of Executive authority were clearly drawn, they could continue in the traditional role of the Opposition in Congress. And by 1960 they would be in strong position to campaign on the issue of a return to Presidential government.

We should not be beguiled into thinking that there is any really adequate substitute in our system for Presidential government. We must lie in the bed we made, but there are ways in which we can mitigate our misfortune. These ways can be characterized in one word: candor. If we are resourceful in the use of our other institutions, and candid in acknowledging what we are doing, we are not beyond help. Nor need we have fear of prejudicing the future role of the Presidency, if in future we but elect men worthy of the office. Woodrow Wilson long ago noted that the Presidency can be everything a man is capable of making it.

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. . . and the New Critics

FEW OF the many opinion surveys to cross our desk in recent years have exercised the fascination of one recently conducted by *Newsweek* magazine. The opinions sought on this occasion were not those of the "average American citizen"—in whose existence we have never entirely believed anyway—but those of the editors of 20 leading newspapers, as to whose existence there can be no doubt. It turns out that nine of these influential gentlemen, or nearly half of those polled, are convinced that the President, after his recent slight stroke, ought either to resign or to delegate authority to Nixon. Although *Newsweek* was too polite to say so, the fact is that most of them held rather different views of the medical requirements for the nation's highest office during the 1956 campaign, when Mr. Eisenhower, who had already undergone one heart attack and a major operation, represented the only hope of a Republican victory. These are the nine papers, and their 1956 editorial endorsements:

Tampa Morning Tribune	Eisenhower
Minneapolis Star and Tribune	Eisenhower
Providence Journal Bulletin	Eisenhower
Denver Post	Eisenhower
Chicago Daily News	Eisenhower
Washington Post	Neither candidate
Chicago Tribune	Eisenhower
Dallas News	Eisenhower
Louisville Courier-Journal	Stevenson

If Emerson was correct in his notion that consistency is the hobgoblin of *little* minds, then doubtless the American press is to be congratulated on its supply of really capacious intellects.

Jordan's Survival

Amman

WHILE Mr. Hammarskjold wrestles with the seemingly hopeless problems of Palestinian refugees and of Israeli border tensions, the Kingdom of Jordan is repairing its battered fences. The word war launched against King Hussein from Cairo and Damascus (echoed faithfully in Moscow) has died down. It failed partly because it was based on charges that most Jordanians knew to be untrue, but mostly because of the strict military control that has been imposed on the country. Public buildings are closely guarded; the main roads are dotted with check-points; the streets of the big cities are heavily patrolled by army and police. In such circumstances, riot —the main weapon of the masses—is unattractive.

Comprehensive measures were taken to plug Egyptian propaganda at its source. Cairo newspapers were banned, and the owners of radio sets were discouraged from tuning in to the enemy. Meanwhile the Hashemite Broadcasting station, with support from the government-controlled press, launched a counter-offensive charged with exceptional venom. The Mount Scopus incidents, and the Jordanian refusal to recognize Col. Byron Leary as Acting Chief of the United Nations Truce Supervision Organization, must be read in this context. The Jordanians were out to prove the purity of their anti-Jewish feelings. They have certainly scored a temporary success. Both Egypt and Syria have joined the Arab chorus assuring Jordan of support "in the event of Israeli aggression."

How long the Egyptian-Jordanian truce will last is anyone's guess. There is a saying current in Amman: "It will all be quiet if nothing happens." At the time of the April *coup d'etat*, few experienced observers would have cared to give King Hussein more than a few weeks' survival. He has already lasted more than seven months, gaining steadily in stature all the time; and there seems no obvious reason why he should not go on. The proviso is that everything must hold—the nerve of the government, the loyalty of the army and the civil service, and the stream of foreign aid. That is the Achilles' heel.

Despite the termination of the British Treaty, and the resulting loss of £12.5 million annually, Jordan will receive by the end of the current financial year more foreign aid than ever before. For general budgetary support, $20 million have been promised by the United States, and the equivalent of $14 million, payable in sterling, by Saudi Arabia. The US Government has undertaken to supply the Jordan Arab Army with $10 million worth of arms and military stores.

Last weekend, the US Ambassador in Amman, Mr. Lester Mallory, presented the Jordanian Foreign Minister with a check for $10 million, representing an advance on future Point IV expenditures.

These figures must be read against a budget of about $55 million, of which barely a third is met by normal sources of revenue, such as taxes, import duties, fees and licenses, and against an annual visible trade deficit of more than $60 million. Invisible exports, such as the tourist trade, account for some of the difference; though tourists have been sparse in the last three years of almost continuous upheaval. Another blow to the economy of Jordan is the departure of the British armed forces, who spent more than $5 million a year in the country.

The trouble is that the foreign aid pouring into the country—and which the country must have—is not even popular; and the Americans are now incurring much of the odium that formerly fell to the British. The sad story of the hospital at Aqaba illustrates the difficulty of dealing with sensitive nationalists. The British Army at the time of its evacuation from Aqaba offered the Jordanians a fully equipped hospital for the nominal sum of £300. The Jordanians asked for it as a gift, and the aggrieved British removed its equipment. It has been discovered now that the need is so urgent that this hospital has to be re-equipped by Jordan—at a cost of £7,000.

H. A. R. PHILBY

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The Decline of America—II

The Decline of American Government

by HANS J. MORGENTHAU

IT WOULD BE comforting to assume that the decline in prestige and material power the United States has suffered and the mortal danger in which it will soon find itself can be attributed to some specific deficiency, say, of money, organization, or education. For, then, the remedy would be as comfortable as the assumption is comforting, a reforming effort which would affect only some specific apparatus and process of government and the small group of persons connected with them. Everybody and everything else could go on very much as they did before, and all of a sudden American guided missiles—long range, medium range, short range—would appear in the sky, restoring the balance of military power between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Yet so drastic a reversal of fortunes as the decline of a great nation's power does not come about because somebody fell down on the job or did not have enough money to spend or was hampered by disorganization. What has happened was not due to an isolated failure of some man and institution but to the collective embrace, by a whole nation, of failure as success, of error as truth, of political vice as virtue. What has caused our predicament, then, is a national state of mind, for which the Administration bears indeed a special responsibility; for it has exemplified, preached and abetted it. But it is not solely responsible, for if the nation had not been eager to emulate the example of its leaders, if it had not liked what it heard its leaders preach, if this had not been the kind of leadership it wanted, its will would not have been weakened and its mind would not have been misled. The nation felt reassured when it was told that since Communism is inferior to democracy, the Russians, being Communists, must be naturally inferior to Americans. It congratulated itself upon the discovery that a nation can grow stronger by disarming. It was delighted by the vista of unchallengeable strength and ineluctable victory abroad and a balanced budget and lower taxes at home. Its political will was dulled and its political judgment corrupted because the dullness and that corruption were pleasing to it. The nation's share in the responsibility for its predicament does not absolve its leaders, but it puts their paramount guilt in the proper context of a national failure.

That failure, in intellectual terms, consists in three basic misunderstandings: of the nature of politics, of the purposes of government in a revolutionary age, of the function of government in a democracy. These misunderstandings have corrupted our political judgment and perverted our actions with a subtle logic.

Under the impact of 19th Century liberalism, Anglo-American society has been strongly influenced, and at times dominated, by a philosophy which denies politics a prominent and honorable place in the order of things. Politics as a conflict of interests decided through a struggle for power is here regarded as an ephemeral phenomenon, a kind of residue of either aristocratic or capitalistic society, for the time being to be pushed into a corner fenced off by constitutional safeguards and ultimately to be abolished altogether. The corollary to this conception of politics as a passing and inferior phase of social life is the erection of the private virtues as the sole standard by which the qualities of both private and public action, the qualifications of both private and public persons are to be judged. This philosophy necessarily destroys the tension between the private and the public sphere, between man *per se* and man as a citizen, which has been a perennial theme of Western political thought.

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For that philosophy, Aristotle's question of whether the virtue of a good man is identical with the virtue of a good citizen is meaningless, for here the virtue of a good man and of a good citizen are by definition identical.

This philosophy is translated into the folklore of American politics as the conviction that the main qualification for a political career is personal honesty. A politician may be wrong-headed in judgment, weak in decision, unsuccessful in action. "But don't you see how sincere he is," people will say. "He is at least an honest man." "He means well." The man in the street transfers the values which he cherishes in his private life to the political stage and judges the actors by the same standards he applies to himself and his fellows in their private spheres.

GOOD MEN AND GOOD STATESMEN

The values of the Eisenhower Administration, both in verbal expression and in the character of its most prominent members, conform to these popular standards, and its virtually unshakable popularity owes much to this identity of political standards. The President, with characteristic frankness and consistency, has time and again measured his public actions by the yardstick of private values and expressed his conviction that since he did not find these public actions wanting, when tested by the values of private life, they had passed the political test as well. He summarized his philosophy in his news conference of August, 1957, in these terms:

> I, as you know, never employ threats. I never try to hold up clubs of any kind, I just say, "this is what I believe to be best for the United States." and I try to convince people by the logic of my position. If that is wrong politically, well then I suppose you will just have to say I am wrong, but that is my method, and that is what I try to do.

The public sphere appears here as a mere extension of private life, devoid of those conflicts of interest to be settled by contests of power, by employing threats and holding up clubs—methods which are traditionally associated with politics—and subject to the same rational rules of conduct which are supposed to make the private sphere orderly, peaceful and harmonious.

When the President was asked at his news conference of July 31, 1957, about the circumstances under which Mr. Gluck was appointed Ambassador to Ceylon, he replied with indignation,

> . . . in the first place, if anybody is ever recommended to me on the basis of any contribution he has ever made to any political party, that man will never be considered. I never heard it mentioned to me as a consideration, and I don't take it very kindly as suggesting I would be influenced by such things.

Here again, the issue was seen in strictly private terms. The issue for the President hinged exclusively upon his personal knowledge of a campaign contribution, and since he had no such knowledge there was no issue. In this philosophy there is no room for the recognition of an objective conflict of interests to which the state of the conscience of any single individual may well be irrelevant.

It stands to reason that Mr. George Humphrey's philosophy of government is simply the application of the alleged principles of private business to the political sphere. And for Mr. Charles Wilson national defense was a problem of production and organization within the limits of sound finance as defined by Mr. Humphrey, completely divorced from any meaningful political context. Of the many of Mr. Wilson's statements showing a complete unawareness of this political context, none is perhaps more revealing than the one he made June 29, 1956, as a witness before the Senate Armed Services Subcommittee on Air Power:

> The Russian people, the ones that I have known through the years, have a great many qualities that Americans have. As a matter of fact, basically I think the Russian people rather like Americans.
>
> It is too bad that we have got this conflict of ideology and that they have got a dictatorship on their hands. They wanted to get rid of the czar and they got something that is just as bad or worse, temporarily.
>
> It is very interesting. One of the troubles, they think of our type of free competitive society as the same thing they had under the czars, and of course it is not that thing at all. They have replaced in what you might call their point of hate.
>
> It is too bad they did away with the czars completely. If some of them were still left in one piece of Russia so they could hate the czars, they would not be hating our people so much.

A defense establishment which is intended to cope with an international situation thus conceived in terms of private emotions is likely to be different from one which seeks to defend the national interest in a world of conflicting interests and competing power.

Not only have the dominant members of the Eisenhower Administration expressed themselves and acted in terms of a philosophy alien to politics, but many of them have also been selected in view of their excellence as private citizens, on the assumption that the qualities which go into the making of a good man and, more particularly, of a good businessman, go also into the making of a good statesman. Indeed, many selections have been excellent within the limits of the standards applied. Certainly men like Eisenhower, Benson, Humphrey, Wilson are superior in private excellence to many of their respective predecessors. But these excellent men have in

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all innocence done greater damage to the political life and the political interests of the nation than many of their less worthy predecessors; for they have brought to their public offices nothing but personal excellence, no understanding of political life, let alone ability to cope with the processes of politics.

The experience of this contrast between personal excellence, and, more particularly, success in business and failure in politics is by no means limited to this Administration nor even to this country. Look at the records of Baldwin and Chamberlain in Great Britain, of Cuno and Bruning in Germany! They were all good men, and how ruinous their administrations were for their respective nations! In this country it is particularly illuminating to compare the virtually uniform political failure of the production geniuses with the spectacular political successes of the investment bankers. Why is it that the Knudsens and the Wilsons have failed and the Forrestals, the Lovetts, the Nitzes have succeeded? Because the excellence of the investment banker is, as it were, akin to that of the statesman while the excellence of the production genius is alien to it.

A good man who becomes an actor on the political scene without knowing anything about the rules of politics is like a good man who goes into business without knowing anything about it or who drives a car while being ignorant of driving. Yet while it is well recognized that society must protect itself against the latter, it feels no need for protection against the former. The virtuous political dilettante has for it even a well-nigh irresistible fascination. It is as though society were anxious to atone for the sacrifices of private virtue which the political sphere demands and take out insurance against the moral risks of political action by identifying itself with political leaders who sacrifice the public good on the altar of their private virtue.

AUTHENTIC CONSERVATISM

Society has learned to take the bad men in its stride and even to protect itself against those who know the rules of the political game only too well and use them to the detriment of society. Society will have to learn, if it wants to survive, that it needs protection also from the good men who are too good even to take note of the rules of the political game. And it must reconcile itself to the uncomfortable paradox that bad men who put their knowledge of those rules at the service of society are to be preferred to good men whose ignorance and moral selfishness puts the very survival of society in jeopardy. In short, it must learn what Henry Taylor taught more than a century ago when he wrote in *The Statesman:* "It sometimes happens that he who would not hurt a fly will hurt a nation."

From the soil of this misunderstanding of what politics is all about two intellectual and political weeds have grown: utopian liberalism and utopian conservatism. This country has had its share of the former; it is now being taught the political lessons of the latter. Conservatism has become a modish word, which has been made to provide respectable cover for a multitude of intellectual and political sins. As the nihilists of the Left call themselves democratic, while disavowing with their very being the tenets of democracy, so the nihilists of the Right, who used in the 20's and 30's to proclaim their adherence to "true" democracy, now try to monopolize conservatism for themselves. Yet the iron test of the authenticity of a professed conservatism is its attitude to civil liberties, that is, restraints upon the powers of government on behalf of the individual. By this test, the German resistance to Nazism was as authentically conservative as the claim of McCarthyism to be conservative was not.

Authentic conservatism either concerns the philosophy and methods of politics or its purposes. The confusion between these two types is likely to do more damage to American politics in the long run than political nihilism, pretending to be conservative, has done. Conservatism of philosophy and method is indeed part and parcel of the American political tradition. The *Federalist* is its greatest literary monument, Alexander Hamilton is its greatest theoretician, John Quincy Adams and Abraham Lincoln are in different ways its greatest practitioners, and Woodrow Wilson is its greatest antithesis in theory and practice. That conservatism holds that the world, imperfect as it is from the rational point of view, is the result of forces inherent in human nature. To improve the world one must work with those forces, not against them. This being inherently a world of opposing interests and of conflict among them, moral principles can never be fully realized, but must at best be approximated through the ever temporary balancing of interests and the ever precarious settlement of conflicts. Conservatism, then, sees in a system of checks and balances a universal principle for all pluralist societies. It appeals to historic precedent rather than abstract principles, and aims at the realization of the lesser evil rather than of the absolute good.

A good case can be made, it seems to me, in favor of the proposition that this conservatism of philosophy and method presents political reality as it ought to be presented, and deals with it as it ought to be dealt with. I have argued that case more than a decade ago in *Scientific Man* vs. *Power Politics*, when, I might say in passing, it was not fashionable but most unwelcome to argue the conservative side of political philosophy and method.

On the other hand, the conservative view of the purposes of politics endows the *status quo* with a special dignity and seeks to maintain and improve it. This conservatism lives in the best of all possible worlds, and if it

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can conceive of a different world at all, it finds that world not in the future but in the past, a golden age to be restored. That conservatism has its natural political environment in Europe; it has no place in the American tradition of politics. Europe, in contrast to America, has known classes, determined by heredity or otherwise sharply and permanently defined in composition and social status, which have had a stake in defending the present *status quo* or restoring an actual or fictitious *status quo* of the past. But for the defense or restoration of what *status quo* could the American conservative fight? For private power, state's rights, the abolition of the income tax, exclusive male suffrage, nullification, slavery, or perhaps the British monarchy? The absurdity of this rhetorical question illustrates the absurdity of the conservative position in terms of purposes within the context of American politics.

"A RETREAT FROM GOVERNMENT"

The great issues of American politics concern neither the preservation of the present nor the restoration of the past, but the formation, without reference to either, of the future. The conservatism of purpose, then, has no relevance to American politics. While in philosophy and method conservatism is the most potent single influence in American politics, the purposes of our politics from the very beginning were unique and revolutionary, not only in the narrow political sense but also in more general terms. They have so remained throughout, only temporarily disfigured by periods which were dominated by a conservatism of purpose and, hence, in the context of American politics spelled stagnation. In other words, the point of reference of American politics has never been the present and only in a historically inconsequential way the past.

In the past, the United States could afford such intermittent periods of stagnation, for the world around it, relatively speaking, stagnated too, and, more importantly, when the United States moved forward again it set the pace for the world and in many respects left it behind. Today it is the world that moves ahead and the United States which is being left behind. All around us the world is in violent transformation. The political revolution has destroyed the state system which for half a millenium had provided the political girders for Western civilization and has brought to the fore two super-powers threatening each other and the world with destruction. At the same time it has dissolved the old order of empire into the anarchy of scores of feeble sovereignties, whose uncontrolled frictions may well provide the sparks for the ultimate conflagration. A succession of technological revolutions has virtually eliminated the elements of time and space from this globe and, by adding to the numerical superiority of the so-called "backward" peoples the social and military potential of modern industry, challenges Western civilization from still another quarter. Finally, the moral revolution of Bolshevism denies the basic values upon which Western civilization has been built and attracts millions of people throughout the world to its militant support.

How have we reacted to this triple challenge? We have reacted by a conservatism of stagnation, which is not only oblivious of the revolutionary dynamism of our national tradition, but also self-defeating as a weapon in the international contest in which the nation is engaged. We have projected the anti-revolutionary and conservative image of our national task and destiny onto the international scene, seeing in the political, technological, and moral ferment of the world but the evil effects of the cunning obstinacy of the doomed leaders of Bolshevism. Unwilling to adjust the comforting and flattering picture we have formed of our national life to the national realities, we proceeded to adjust the international realities to that picture. Thus we are looking at a world which appears in need of improvement, adjustment and reform, but not of radical, unheard-of change. The world cries out for transformations commensurate in their revolutionary novelty with the revolutions that threaten it; it cries out for political imagination, audacity and the risky experiment. What we are offering it is nothing but stagnation, masquerading in the garb of a utopian conservatism. Faced with the moral and virtually certain danger that soon a great number of nations will have atomic weapons, we continue the old game of disarmament negotiations, which is no longer good even for purposes of propaganda. Our policies in Europe and Asia are stagnant; we continue unwilling either to change the *status quo* of which we disapprove or to recognize it. Latin America has become our forgotten backyard which we think we can take for granted. Asia, the Middle East, and Africa are for us primarily opportunities for the conclusion of military alliances and the expenditure of money for ill-defined purposes.

In consequence of underestimating the revolutionary tradition of our society and the revolutionary nature of the world with which we must come to terms, we have made underestimation of the Soviet Union a national habit of mind. All the evidence of the Russian capabilities, from General Guillaume's *Soviet Arms and Soviet Power*, published in 1949 by the *Infantry Journal*, to recent intelligence reports, have made no impression upon the official mind; for if it had, we would have had to discard a whole philosophy which we are mistaking for our way of life.

This retreat into a stagnant conservatism has been accompanied by a retreat from government itself. This is not surprising since the conservative commitment to holding the line, to keeping things as they are in domestic and foreign policy required less of an expenditure of

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energy and of ideas than dynamic and imaginative policies do. That this atrophy of government, inevitably resulting from the atrophy of its purposes. has been acutely aggravated by the lapse of leadership at the top is too obvious to require elaboration; but it might be pointed out that that lapse of leadership was, in turn, made possible and perhaps even temporarily tolerable by that decline in purpose.

When we speak of the atrophy of government, we obviously do not refer to the quantity of institutions and their activities which go by the name of government; for there has been no decline of those. What we have in mind is a subtle quality which is vital to a democratic government: its quality as a teacher and leader. In its absence the government cannot govern in a truly democratic fashion, that is, with the freely given consent of the governed. Modern government—democratic or non-democratic—is not merely the formulation and execution of policies. It is also and necessarily the creation of public consent for the policies formulated and to be executed. In non-democratic societies this consent is created by the government's monopolistic manipulation of the mass media of communication. Democracies create it ideally through the free interplay of plural opinions and interests, out of which the consensus of the majority emerges.

SECRECY AND MISREPRESENTATION

From these different conceptions of consent two different attitudes toward secrecy and truth follow. A non-democratic government can afford to conceal and misrepresent because there are no autonomous social forces which could expose it to scrutiny and propose factual and political alternatives. Under certain conditions, it will even be compelled to conceal and misrepresent because it will have no other way to create consent for its policy. A democratic government, while having an obvious advantage in the contest of opinion, ideally at least can neither afford nor does it need to conceal and misrepresent. A responsible parliament and an alert public opinion force it to lay its cards on the table or at the very least check the government version of the truth against their own. And the assumption of democratic pluralism that neither the government nor anybody else has a monopoly of truth in matters political minimizes the temptation for the government to impose its version upon society by concealment and misrepresentation.

It is the measure of the decline of democratic government in the United States that the Administration has—not on occasion but consistently—concealed from the people and its elected representatives information in both the most vital and the most trivial matters and misrepresented the truth known to it. The Administration has been aware for a considerable period of time of the deterioration of American power in comparison with that of the Soviet Union, yet its most eminent spokesmen have assured us time and again that our strength *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union was unimpaired if not actually increased. To this day what we have been told officially is at best but a hint of the actual state of affairs. To speak of very trivial things in passing, the American people have not been allowed to learn what present the King of Saudi Arabia gave the President on his visit in January, 1957.

Secrecy and misrepresentation, not as occasional aberrations but as a system of government, are in our case intimately related to the atrophy of government of which we have spoken earlier. The Administration, philosophically and politically committed to stagnation, and hence unable to lead and educate, has put appearance in the place of substance. Thus it is not by accident that the techniques of advertising have so thoroughly replaced the processes of free discussion in the relations between government and people. Judged by the standards of advertising, the result has been gratifying. The Administration has been popular, and the people have been happy. Yet judged by the standards of the American destiny and survival, the result has been disquieting in the extreme. We witness the beginning of a crisis of confidence in the Administration, and we must beware lest it turn into a crisis of confidence in the democratic processes themselves.

Before men want to be governed well, they want to be governed. Before they choose between good and bad policies, they want some policies to choose from. The great revolutions of the modern age—from the French Revolution of 1789 through the two Russian revolutions of 1917 and the Fascist revolutions in Italy and Germany to the Chinese revolution of the 40's—were carried forward by men who were dismayed not only at being governed badly but also and more importantly at not being governed enough. These revolutions owed their success to the determination and ability of their leaders to seize power, to hold it, and to use it, to govern perhaps badly but firmly. The modern masses have risen in despair and fury not against some particular policy, but against the weakness of government, reflected in spectacular failures.

Of the failures which are likely to be in store for us, we have only had a first and very partial glimpse. We are but at the beginning of our disillusions, frustrations, and tribulations. Faced with this crisis in its fortunes, as taxing as any it has experienced, the nation certainly stands in need of sound policies. What it needs worse is a government which restores its sense of mission, which galvanizes its latent energies by giving them a purpose, which, in short, is the guardian of the nation's past and an earnest of its future. The nation has no such government now.

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No Easy Way, Now

A noted novelist who lives in Georgia asks why so few Southerners have spoken up publicly against segregation

by **LILLIAN SMITH**

WITH A FEW shining exceptions, when crisis has come to the Southern community the mob has come also; agitators have moved in; the people have seemed indifferent to law and order; the demagogues have put on their usual subversive act; the unwashed and illiterate and criminal and psychotic elements have taken over our streets. And we who think we are free and strong and intelligent suddenly realize we are dominated—not by a dictator but by a dictating idea.

The realization comes to us slowly but it finally strikes deep: that this dictating idea is embodied in a rabble so powerful that the police force, the churches, the best leadership of the community are helpless to deal with it.

How is this possible? Where does the mob's strength come from? It must have enormous strength to paralyze the people as it seems to do. It, apparently, has an almost magic power over men's minds for again and again we have watched a community grow mute and helpless when the mob gathers on the street.

But, when one looks for its strength one is puzzled. Actually, this mob which I shall call Mob No. 1, is few in number, its members are weak in community influence, many of them have criminal records, their intelligence quotients would certainly run pretty low: they are nothing but the riffraff, the hoodlums with no visible source of strength at all.

Then where on earth does their power come from?

To find its source, we must take two journeys:

The first one will be short. All we need do is walk over to Main Street and enter a few modern air-conditioned offices. There, sitting at their desks, are the men who quietly protect the rabble and give it its hidden strength. Some of these men are bankers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, newspaper editors and publishers; a few are preachers; some are powerful industrial leaders; most are known only in their home towns and state; but others have important connections in New York City and Washington. They hold not only economic power but moral and civic power, for they sit on church and education boards, on health boards, on various local and state planning committees.

This is Mob No. 2. Not all our business and professional men belong to it, by any means. But many do. It is a quiet well-bred mob. Its members speak in cultivated voices, have courteous manners, some have university degrees, and a few wear Brooks Brothers suits. But they are a mob, nevertheless. For they not only protect the rabble, and tolerate its violence, they *think in the same primitive mode,* they share the same irrational anxieties, they are *just as lawless in their own quiet way,* and they are dominated by the same "holy idea" of white supremacy.

They don't dynamite houses and churches—they leave that to Mob No. 1. They smother: By their use of boycott, by their quiet threats, and economic pressures, by suppression of news, they strip college professors, school teachers, preachers, writers, reporters, editors, students, their own employees, and many other white Southerners of their Constitutional rights to speak and write—and to be heard. These are precious rights to Americans. A man who takes them away from us is a law-breaker; as much one as is the rough-neck who throws his weight around on the street. And, in my opinion, far more dangerous.

Yet, because most people think only something noisy is violent, they tend to be deaf to this insidious form of spiritual violence, this whispered contempt for law—which is taking over much of our South, and is creeping into the North, also.

The men in Mob No. 2 are, for the most part, responsible, sensible professional and businessmen who have often shown a generous concern for the welfare of their community. They are usually completely reliable in their business affairs. Then why would they play this shady role of protector of the street mob? Why would they be willing to strip their fellow-citizens of their freedom of

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speech and belief? Do we know? I am not sure that they, or we, understand their motivations.

But we need to understand. We need to find out why they are willing to risk so much of our future for so little of our past.

To find the answer, we must search for Mob No. 3.

This will take us on a much longer journey. For it leads us back home into the secret places of our hearts and minds. Mob No. 3 lives in the depths of every man's mind: It is activated by primitive fears, hatreds, guilts, some of which have nothing whatever to do with race. It is nourished on anxiety about the body image, on anxiety about our personal relationships, and on the terrors that rise like a miasma from ancient myths of birth, death, blood, heredity, animals, darkness. . . .

Mob No. 3 makes its home on the prehistoric, mythic level of the human mind. We are born possessing this symbolizing layer of mind—and everybody in the South seems to have an extra amount of it! It is a pity that reason is not also born in us. But we know, of course, that it is not: It is a talent, a skill, a method which has to be developed; we have the potentials, all right, for logical thinking but we are not born thinking logically. And unless we live in a culture which develops this skill in its people, we tend to have little of it.

It would be so much easier for us, when we are faced with crisis, were our mythic mind only a matter of emotions. We could then push it aside and say: "Let's not feel; let's think it out; let's be realistic." But often, when we assume we are speaking realistically, we are merely talking on a primitive level. The mythic mind has its *own mode of thinking* which is of a different nature from that of reason—and because it does think and talk in a different fashion, it can easily trick us. And often does.

When we reason, we look at facts; we evaluate them; we check and doublecheck for accuracy; then we put fences around their significance. We say, "Within this framework this concept is valid; outside this framework it loses much of its validity." Reason defines precisely; it tends to stave off generalization until it has collected enough facts and related them to each other and to a sufficient number of external situations to make the generalization stick. The chief characteristic of discursive logic is its tendency *always to relate its facts to those in the outside world.* (I hope you will forgive me for reminding you of what everyone of us knows, when we stop to think about it.)

On the other hand, the primitive mind never relates: it merges. It is like a whale: it swallows everything in one awful gulp. It reaches out and pulls in the most disparate facts, feelings, situations and concepts and squeezes them into one tight obsessive idea.

Its capacity for coexistence with inconsistency and irrelevance is unlimited. It takes the most diverse events and presses them into the same mold. A case in point is the facility with which Senator Talmadge, in a recent speech, stated that the marching-in of our American troops to Little Rock was of the same moral order as the Communists sending the Russian troops into Hungary. That ridiculous, false analogy came out of Mr. Talmadge's mythic mind and slipped immediately without criticism into millions of Southern mythic minds, and quite a few Northern ones, too; and it lies there, today, festering with resentment.

Above all else, the mythic mind is demiurgic in its nature: It creates. It never criticizes itself or its own acts. Why should it? That is reason's job: to compare, measure, weigh, collect, test against past and present knowledge. Not so the mythic mind: It is impelled to make things, bad or good; to create things, bad or good. It can stir up a mob—or it can stir up a great symphony; it can scream lies and false analogies as our demagogues do (and a lot of other folks) or it can write a great poem, like Eliot's *Burnt Norton.* It can dream up obscene idolatries or the great religions of the world.

But only when mated with reason and critical intelligence can the mythic mind become the fabulous creative imagination which invents, discovers, builds, writes, paints what man looks at and calls great; only when it is impregnated with man's longing to be good, with his concern for others, with his hunger for meaning, his need for a significant place in the universe can it dream of God—or dream of man himself, growing in wisdom and awareness and grace.

Without this mythic mind, we should be less than animals and less than machines. For, of course, our power to symbolize comes out of it, and without symbols we could not reason, and without symbolic forms there would be no language, no art, no science, no great religions. Yet, when it is not controlled by self-criticism and reason and by the great ethical ideas so slowly thrust up through the centuries, and by concern and compassion, it is the most dangerous thing on earth. We saw it working without these controls, in Hitler and the Nazi party. We saw what happened when the potentially great creative forces in the German people—uncontrolled by self-criticism, uncontrolled by ethical ideas, but instead lashed on by primitive myths of blood and sex and race—made not great cities but concentration camps, devised not a good way of life, but only a massive technic of murdering, and in the mad process pulled the whole world into a catastrophic war.

IN THE South, we long to be good; but we rarely tolerate criticism when we are bad. We want to be Christian; but we rarely permit clergymen to subject our way of life to the spiritual test of Christ's teachings. We long to be learned and we admire the physical sciences and the technologies, but we turn away from knowledge of our own minds and hearts and human re-

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lationships. We are not only afraid to talk about race we are afraid of all inquiry that comes close to man, himself. We are afraid of biology, psychology, psychiatry, psychoanalysis, afraid of all the social sciences. We are profoundly embarrassed when someone suggests that we look at the human condition as the existentialists are, today, urging us to do. We shudder and turn away as if we were shown a dirty picture.

Above all else, we are sensitive to criticism from our own fellow-Southerners; so much so, that we try to punish them if they dare warn us that we are close to disaster. We Southerners are endowed with a powerful and potentially creative imagination that could produce a rich culture and a great people. I believe that. But because we refuse to let it mate with critical intelligence and ethics, with poetry and mysticism, and compassion, it tends to produce not strong, vital, free creative individuals but sex-obsessed mobs; it thrusts up out of our soil not great leaders but irrational obscene demagogues; it produces not healthy-minded, morally strong children but children torn and ambivalent—weakened by learning to love ideals which they are commanded, even by state laws, not to live; confused, and made apathetic by their culture's inexorable directive to fit the moral necessities of the atomic age to the narrow framework of their grandfathers' code.

It is such a pity. It is more: It is our great tragedy. Like Medea, when she brought her murdered children to their father, we can cry: *I have done it: because I loathed you more than I loved them. Mine is the triumph. . . . I tore my own heart and laughed: I was tearing yours.*

ARE all Southerners like these I have described? Are we all bereft of self-criticism? and blind? and complacent? and avenging? Aren't some of us decent, sensitive, reasoning, honest, compassionate human beings who measure up well when compared to the best in our nation and other countries?

Of course. There are hundreds of thousands of Southerners who do. Perhaps millions. But their moral weight in their own region is as light as a handful of feathers. For they are hushed and silent. They do not speak out. They know: but they do not say what they know. They feel: but they do not act out what they feel.

Why don't we Southerners speak, in time?

Because we fear economic reprisals from Mob No. 2? Yes. Because we fear physical violence from Mob No. 1? Yes. But there is another reason:

To speak against segregation is taboo. More of a taboo than to break segregation by our acts. There are reasons why we feel the strength of this taboo: We were taught from early childhood never to speak against segregation and never to question it. Our honest young eyes might see its cruelty and did. But we must not admit it. It was our Lesson No. 1; and most of us learned it well. Now we are grown: we have read, traveled, thought, observed; we have changed. We want to speak out but we feel a dread of speaking; even though reason tells us we are right, we fear we may be wrong; our judgment may be bad; we may hurt our families by doing it, we whisper; we shall certainly lose "our usefulness." We grow anxious; we feel pressed on all sides of our nature, and we become hysterically mute. A good part of this "moderation" you hear about in the South is nothing but mutism —as of course you know.

But even so; we might more easily break the childhood training, were it not for that old primitive layer of the mind where the Word is always more powerful than the act. Children feel this; you have seen them show it: the word IS the object, their name IS as real as their body. And primitives feel this; always in a primitive tribe, the word not only represents something, it *is* something, a magic SOMETHING. Here is where the taboo is reinforced in us on deep levels.

And so: forbidden to speak, we hug to ourselves our secret belief that segregation is wrong; and that human dignity is every man's right; we stubbornly teach these beliefs to our children; and then, after teaching them, we let these children know in devious, subtle ways that they cannot live them and must never say them to others.

There are hundreds of thousands of white Southerners who feel this way. But they carry almost no moral weight in their communities. Why? Because secret beliefs do not create enlightened public opinion. And yet, only enlightened public opinion can stave off mobs and violence; and only enlightened public opinion brings about change in a creative way. The mob comes on the street when enlightened public opinion leaves it; the demagogues talk too much when the good, intelligent people talk too little.

This brings us back to Mob No. 2. Those quiet, college-bred economically powerful men would not protect the street rabble if they did not believe they were morally supported by the rest of the responsible community. They would not use the boycott and economic reprisals in order to suppress all who differ from them, unless they felt their acts were approved. A few are evil opportunists who would do anything to build their power and increase their wealth. But not most. Most are confused men. Most are just doing a lot of primitive thinking and feeling. And their consciences are *almost clear:* for their ministers, their newspaper editors, their friends in civic and business circles, their childhood training have not told them they are doing wrong. Almost nobody has told them, except perhaps their own wives, that segregation is not a sacred way of life.

It is easy to do wrong when everybody around you thinks you are doing right. It is difficult to take a stand all by yourself. It requires a whopping amount of moral courage—and more than most of us human beings possess. Especially in a region where, at best, the intellectual

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deviant is looked upon as a crackpot and "extremist" and, at worst, as a perverse immoral half-insane creature.

We are, we must humbly confess, in the same pitiable condition of all brainwashed people. You don't have to live in a Communist country to be brainwashed. It can happen here at home; and has been happening to us Southerners for nearly 80 years. We have heard on this subject of race—at least at home—only what the White Supremacists have told us. And there are too many people in other parts of our country who are brainwashed, also. They use the same old defenses, ask the same irrelevant questions, give the same mythic answers.

Even the President of the United States said in a recent speech on the Little Rock question that you can't "legislate morals." His variation was, I think, that "laws won't change men's minds." Now: who ever thought they would? Laws are to protect the rights of people—from those whose minds can't change; they are to protect the security of people from the criminals who have no morals. But the implication of this statement (most popular among highly educated people) is: laws are ineffectual because they do not convert men. Yet what alternative is there to the rule of law save the rule of dictators? Unless we are willing to sink into anarchy and chaos. And which of these speakers who talk about the futility of "legislating morals" would be willing to do away with traffic laws, etc., etc. (We might say, just here, that while laws cannot change minds and have no such purpose, they do *condition men to behave in a certain, semi-automatic way*, sometimes good, sometimes bad.)

Of course: When people speak like this, their reason is sound asleep. Yet, these same men, on other subjects, often speak with good sense and, sometimes, with extraordinary intelligence and wisdom.

This is what brainwashing does to a people. We talk like fools in Dixie—and north of Dixie, too—about race and segregation; the Russians talk like fools about capitalistic imperialists, etc.

Are we not creeping close to the heart of our trouble? Does it not center in two words: *fear* and *silence?*

We are acutely anxious, almost in panic, because silence has delivered us not only to the mob in the street but to the primitive, mob-like part of our own natures. And yet, we are so anxious that we dare not break the silence.

But: Were we to break it, we could quickly lift ourselves into the realm of reason and good feeling—just as we have done by our cancer drives which have substituted hope for anxiety and prompt action for neurotic procrastination.

We need a lot of real fear: the kind that looks at the actual dangers, and not at the imaginary ones: the kind that faces up to the danger that this racial turmoil may alienate new nations of Asia and Africa and throw them into the arms of Communism. This is real: this concerns the survival of our nation, and the survival of democracy, and the survival of our way of life. We do have an American way of life that is great and good and worth sacrificing for—but it is not the segregated way the demagogues cherish.

But I refuse to blame all the trouble on the fear of our people; or on this mutism.

There are thousands of brave Southerners ready to speak out today—who don't have a place to speak. Ministers, whose boards won't let them preach what they want to preach; teachers who have had to sign pledges of silence in order to teach at all; editors who have been commanded by publisher and business manager not to write those editorials they once dreamed of writing; writers whose books are boycotted and smothered.

There are, also, hundreds of gifted, articulate white Southerners ready to speak to the entire nation—and across the magnolia curtain to their South—but where can they do it? National magazines with mass circulation don't want articles from white Southerners who oppose segregation; they want articles from the "moderates" and from the separate-but-equalers, and the gradualists.

How many informed, white Southerners who are opposed to segregation have you seen on TV and radio networks? I have appeared once for a fleeting moment—but who else? There are hundreds who are willing and able. They simply have not been asked. Yet Talmadge and Eastland and the Grand Kleagle of the KKK and the muted moderates have appeared numerous times. And a few thoughtful, courageous, sincere Southerners who oppose mob rule and believe in obeying the law have appeared. But: when asked how they felt about segregation, they did not take a stand against it. I do not question their motives: I simply say the nation and the South have not heard white Southerners speak up against segregation in mass magazines and on the networks. The networks have done a superb job of news reporting but are they not failing us by not giving the full picture of the white South?

For some reason—and not necessarily an evil one—our friends in the North seem to have fallen for what is not only the White Citizens' Councils' line and Mob No. 2's line, but the Moderates' line, too: *Let Negroes speak if they want to; let the Yankee speak: but don't let one intelligent white Southerner who opposes segregation speak. Keep them smothered; only in this way can we sell the idea to the rest of the country that the South is unanimously opposed to the acceptance of Negroes as full-fledged American citizens.*

This is the "line." And an efficient job has been done, selling it at home and abroad. It forms an impasse—a difficult one—yet somehow, we must get around it or we shall be blocked a long time. (Eighty ministers of Atlanta's white churches made a big hole in the curtain of silence by taking their stand in a statement published

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on November 3. This could be the beginning of a new era. It is an important event.) But we must remember: These groups could not have run down the magnolia curtain had it not been because Mob No. 3 in millions of minds, North and South, acquiesced.

HERE IS where the moderates' so-called logic breaks down and becomes a devious form of primitive thinking: "If people don't talk, everything will be all right." They tell us that we must obey our laws whether we like them or not. And it sounds right; and it would be, if only human beings were made in a simple, uncomplicated way with neither mythic minds nor critical minds. But we are not animals; and we are not machines: we are human. And because we are, we want to know good reasons for a law. Our people, in this free country will not obey a law which the demagogues and our own silence tell them is a silly, evil, unnecessary law. And we should not expect them to. That "line" can be sold only to a people dominated by a dictator—and the dictator has to do the selling. But our would-be dictators here in Dixie are not going to sell the line that change is inevitable, and the decision of the Supreme Court must be obeyed.

No. That easy way out won't work. I am afraid we shall have to do it the hard way: the way free people have always changed themselves and their culture: the way they have always formed public opinion. It would be fine if we could climb this steep hill in neutral. But we can't; and the moderates should know this. (It isn't a very good idea to go *down* a steep hill in neutral, either.)

We must do it by emphasizing that laws must be obeyed, yes; and then we must give the reasons why this law is necessary:

1. We must convince our people that our actual survival as a nation depends upon the acceptance of Negroes as citizens;
2. We must convince them that this acceptance is not only necessary to survival but morally right and spiritually good for everybody concerned;
3. We must work against mob rule, yes; but we need to be sure we know which mob is the dangerous one;
4. We must quell Mob No. 3. And we can do it only by showing the people how irrational is their fear of accepting Negroes as citizens.

We must do these difficult jobs by encouraging the honest, intelligent, well-informed people to break their silence: to take their stand for reason and critical intelligence; for human dignity and human rights; for all Americans' public and private rights which must, in a democracy, be protected and which do not interfere with each other.

Encourage them to laugh off their demagogues' talk. Remind them that the fantasies and dreads they speak of are those of sick people—not realities to fear. There is only one kind of "mongrelization" we need fear: this is the mongrelization which results when White Supremacy interbreeds with democracy. There is a great deal of this kind of "mixing" being done today, for the White Supremacists are a potent tribe. *Relating* ourselves to others as fellow-citizens and *merging* and *blending* are as different as is the human reason from the mythic mind. Words are important, however, to all of us: we should do our best to avoid the over-sexed words, such as "mixing," "amalgamating"—and perhaps even "integration"—which has a connotation of *fusion* that is disturbing to some people.

But above all else, we need to remember that there is no conflict between our short-range and long-range objectives. Both are necessary. Both must be worked for simultaneously—not by the same person, perhaps, but both must be accepted as valid effort. This is an all-out war we are involved in: a non-violent war but a war just the same. Each must work according to his talent, his conviction, his role in society. But there is room for all of us: room for the writer who speaks out clearly and for the quiet one who bargains a little; room for the minister who takes his stand on moral grounds and the newspaper editor who takes his position that "the law must be obeyed, whether you like it or not"; room for those who accept Negroes as human beings and as personal friends—and room for those who accept them only as citizens. But there should be no room down here for the hater, the bigot. My strongest objection to the self-named "moderates" is their bigotry. Their intolerance of us who work perhaps with more non-violence but with more candor, too, would be an incredible thing were it not so human. They are cautious, they move inch by inch, and only when pushed from behind; and that is their privilege. But they refuse to let others move faster, or to speak more clearly and perhaps even more persuasively than they. They are almost fanatically religious in their view that their way is the only "holy way." Their word "moderation" is so foolish and empty Who on earth would want to be known as "moderately honest"? "Moderately reliable"? "Moderately intelligent"? "Moderately just?" "Moderately law-abiding"?

But, although it may seem immoderate to the moderates, *all of us* who are deeply concerned for the future of our country must work together; for only by combining our strength and our intelligence and courage and good will can we do this hard job of bringing about change in a creative way.

So: let us search our South and our nation for the people who value freedom, who put means before ends, who know they are working against evil not against men, who will risk a little for so much and who have shaken off the traumatic past and know that neither our American future nor the world's future can be bought with those old Confederate bills the demagogues keep passing out to the people.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Problem of Juan Ramon Jimenez

by Claudio Guillen

SURELY one should be grateful to the Nobel Prize for the reconciliation it effects, if only for a moment, between literary values and the interests of business: it succeeds in creating a public for poets. And since above all it stimulates translation of the laureate, its chief beneficiaries are those foreign readers who would otherwise remain innocent of any relationship with him. In this sense it cannot be doubted that every year the Swedish Academy inflicts a painful blow on the vanity of people in far-flung places, who are thereby reminded of the exact dimensions of their provincialism. Yet it is the poet's own countrymen who will be most grudging of their gratitude. A sense of national pride may be involved in their reaction when the laureate's language is English or French—or they may feel a soothing of their national inferiority complexes if a less fortunate language is his medium. They may ponder over the mysterious rules of the game of chance which international awards seem to be playing with human longevity, or wonder why some other "grand old man" of letters was not ransomed from oblivion before he died. More often than not, however, the writer's compatriots will be embarrassed or perplexed. In his country the award will appear as a kind of delayed action, at odds with that country's process of cultural development, or perhaps as a critical riddle. It may bring about a forced, unanguished reappraisal of an author too remote to be truly polemical, too recent to be judged objectively. As such, this type of event, precisely because it is untimely, can yield the freshest results.

Platero and I, by Juan Ramon Jiménez, translated by Eloïse Roach (Texas; $3.75). *The Selected Writings of Juan Ramon Jiménez*, translated by H. R. Hays (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy; $4.75).

Perplexity, rather than embarrassment, is the more appropriate word in the case of Juan Ramon Jiménez. He and the prose writer Azorin are the only survivors of the small but remarkable army of writers who began battling for Spain and Spanish letters around the turn of the century (Unamuno and Machado died during the Spanish War, Ortega and Baroja only recently). No one questions the extraordinary historical importance of Jiménez. He is not only the dean of the Hispanic poets, but the pioneer and the source of all those who wrote in the Spanish tongue after him. Many readers believe his works to be unequaled in their precision and taste, models to be admired today without any reservation. Others, on the contrary, consider his supremely delicate, supremely limited poems to be—to borrow a term from the Surrealists—a *cadavre exquis*. Juan Ramon, to those readers, is simply the master who was not only surpassed by his disciples, but obliterated by them. Obviously he has been either praised or ignored with singular exaggeration. The fact that so many call him just "Juan Ramon" points to a basic difficulty: that of disentangling, in our knowledge of him, the literary from the personal (always an important factor in influence), the poet from the poetry. For the growth of this legend Juan Ramon himself, to be sure, has been partly responsible.

"THE BEST work I do is my constant 'repenting' of my works," Jiménez once wrote to Curtius—a phrase in which we recognize both the merit and the flaws of Juan Ramon the teacher and the man. He brought to Spain the example of a poet who devoted his life completely to poetry and yet avoided facility at all costs, and called for extreme discipline, taste and self-dissatisfaction. But the Mallarméan view, on the other hand, maintains that poetry is only to be found in the words, to which the poet must be sacrificed.

With the years Jiménez' attitude became quite the opposite. From 1900 to 1919 he had published nearly a book of poems a year. From then on (he was only 38) his poetic efforts consisted mainly in correcting and editing his previous works. Thus he attempted to live not for, but from his poems: to exist, to *be*, in a return to romanticism, by virtue of the vital power conferred upon him by his own words. And precisely as he became the embodiment—*ars brevis, vita longa*—of a lyrical Pygmalion, a new generation of writers, whom he had earlier inspired, came into splendid and fertile maturity. Hence his growing isolation, and our decision to judge him, regardless of his personal example, by the work that he did during his most creative years.

IN A NATION where art is often associated with a kind of willful roughness, Jiménez will be remembered always for certain exceptionally "perfect" compositions. Most typical of this perfection is a form of necessarily short poem (song, lullaby, picture, emotional moment, fleeting sense-perception, etc.) where unity resides in the sensibility, the feeling or the symbol, not in the fully developed or connected succession of lyrical comments. The peculiar quality of this writing (which is not only Spanish, but which in Spain is made possible by a blending of the popular, Andalusian tradition and the hermetic lessons of a Gongora) might best be described by saying that it solves a number of apparently difficult antinomies. One of these is the union of rigor and simplicity. The writer avoids rare words, does no violence to syntax, leaves out as many elements as possible and yet requires from what remains a fullness and a precision even greater than those demanded by a more elaborate or more ostentatious type of verse.

Jiménez reconciles, besides, restraint and intensity: tirelessly sincere, but never given to prattling or gesticulation, he will express moments of plenitude or of rapture while preserving a muted tone, a singular poise and weightlessness. This is especially evident in his folkloric pieces, where colorful effects are shunned. Restraint is also compatible in Juan Ramon with the boldness of the experimenter. Here his role as an innovator must be recalled once more, for he never ceased to invent, to search for that straightest line between the emotion and

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the reader which would be the purest form. He has been, like Gide, always a young poet, for whom every book was a beginning. Hence his considerable variety and—to mention a final wedding of opposition—the fusion of it with a remarkable singleness of intent and style. Jiménez concentrates in each poem on almost a single device, plays but one of the many strings on his instrument at a time. If one virtue or one method may be considered characteristic of his poetry, it is that of concentration. Concentration on the indispensable effect, surrounded by silences, concentration above all on the single word, on the force and the magic of which language is capable.

Should one surmise that these values cannot be transferred to another language? Eloïse Roach and H. R. Hays prove this assumption wrong. They have, in fact, made the basic qualities of Jiménez so thoroughly available to the American reader that one cannot help reflecting upon the appropriateness of the English language to such a lyrical style.

Miss Roach's translation of the celebrated prose-poem, *Platero y yo,* is at any rate a highly precise and tasteful effort. Fortunately it is not re-translated in R. H. Hays' volume, which offers a broad cross-section of Jiménez' works. Mr. Hays has rendered not only most of Jiménez' finest poems, but a number of his agile, inventive prose pieces (such as portraits, descriptions and aphorisms, very ably selected by Eugene Florit). Mr. Hays is a truly talented translater, and the absence of rhyme does not impair the original nudity and airiness of Jiménez' manner.

I have underlined the significance in Jiménez of the creation of a language, of a poetic instrument, because I believe this to be his principal contribution—not only to art in general, but to the poets who followed him. It is true that Juan Ramon's works, unlike those of the school of Rubén Dario, are not without spiritual content and intensity (his vision is basically a kind of exasperated romanticism). But his *originality* is chiefly formal or stylistic. He did not attain the depth of Antonio Machado, nor the coherence and the breadth of the poets of Lorca's generation. His quest and his richness are linguistic, and in this fact—that he put old wine in new bottles—one may find the explanation of his equivocal destiny. Without him the instrument would not have existed from which a Lorca, a Salinas, an Aleixandre wrested vast poetic worlds (such as Lorca's tragic one). Yet his better poems reached verbal heights which are permanently admirable for their elegance and their purity. Indeed the givers of the 1956 Nobel Prize may very well have had this problem of literary history in mind when they wrote: "in rewarding Juan Ramon Jiménez, a representative of the great lyrical tradition of Spain, the Swedish Academy has wished to honor equally Antonio Machado and Federico Garcia Lorca."

A Captive Not Quite Freed

by Irving Howe

THE FIRST though not least important thing to be said about *The Naked God* is that simply as a piece of writing it is extremely shabby: incoherent in structure, florid in diction, inflated and hysterical in tone. Since books of this kind are generally treated as "documents," they seldom meet with such criticism; but I am enough of a literary man to believe that Fast's ineptitude is a significant fact in estimating the political meaning and value of his book.

The Naked God, by Howard Fast (Praeger; $3.50).

It is true of course that other people, including many who were never Communists, also write badly; but the particular kind of badness found in Fast's book is not that of an amateur or novice: it is a learned badness, the heritage of that corrupt Popular Front rhetoric which makes precise thought impossible and emotional candor unlikely. Even when Fast was most deeply involved with Stalinist politics, his literary inclinations were toward those middle-brow values which, being pervasive to our time, are not the monopoly of any political movement. And the middle-brow in Fast may yet survive the Old Stalinist, bringing him success of a kind parallel to that which he enjoyed during the past two decades. Popular tales about American heroes can be tailored to any bias; mass culture undercuts all opinions.

NEVERTHELESS, *The Naked God* does contribute a few items to the documentation of the psychopathology of Stalinism. There is the *Pravda* correspondent whom Fast quotes as saying angrily: "Howard, why do you make so much of the Jews? Jews? Jews? That is all we hear from you! Do you think Stalin murdered no one but Jews?" There is Joseph Clark, then foreign editor of *The Daily Worker*, telling Fast: "If you and Paul Robeson had raised your voices in 1949, Itzik Feffer [a Yiddish poet murdered by the Stalin regime] would be alive today." There is Boris Polovoy, head of the Union of Soviet Writers, reassuring Fast that another Yiddish writer, Kvitko, was well and alive ("at present living in the same apartment as he, Polovoy"), though as it turned out, Kvitko "had been dead for years." And, most pitiful of all, there is Fast himself, being ordered by "a petty Party functionary . . . in terms of savage vindicitiveness . . . to change the third act" of a play he had written. "I made the changes."

Beyond such bits of information, and a few shrewd observations about life inside the Communist party, such as a description of the sadistic glee with which the leader prepares to be "sharp" in treating a dissident within the ranks, there is little to recommend in *The Naked God.* My objection, I should stress, is not that Fast hesitates to condemn his allegiance of yesterday: no one could charge that against a man who writes that to join the CP is to "sell one's soul" or who says that he found Eugene Dennis less humane in his treatment of Communists than the warden of the prison in which he, Fast, was unjustly confined during the McCarthyite hysteria. But on the level of analysis, and still more important, of self-confrontation, the book is a failure.

Fast never explores the crucial question: what was it that held him, and others like him, for so long a time in a condition of intellectual bondage? The question matters not because it may re-

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veal something about his personal psychology or because it comes as a thrust from hostile critics like myself, but because it helps us get at a major political and intellectual problem. At one point Fast does sidle up to it:

> . . . the simpletons say, "But we have always known the truth about the Party. Why did it take you so long?"
>
> *What truth?* Even in this brief book, I have put down a picture that few people outside actually understood . . . [emphasis added.]

One finds it hard to suppose that this is anything but disingenuous. Fast's picture of the Communist movement, far from being something that a few outsiders understood, is essentially the same that hundreds of writers have drawn for the past few decades. "What truth?" cries Fast as if he were Pilate himself. Very simply the truth that Communist Russia is a brutal dictatorship, that the Stalin regime murdered millions of innocent persons and that the Communist parties are dupes of this regime. The truth which Fast so violently refused to credit when it was told by honest men like André Gide or John Dewey or Sidney Hook, he finally did believe when he heard it from Khrushchev, a self-confessed participant in mass murder. Had Khrushchev not spoken, Fast would probably still be a loyal Stalinist. Now surely this presents an interesting political and moral problem that a person in Fast's position ought to consider and perhaps even find a bit troubling. And if to suggest this makes one a simpleton, well—call me a simpleton.

FAST'S BOOK is written with a high and exalted moral tone, almost as if he were the first—instead of the most recent —to be discovering what is by now the common property of decent men. When Trotsky or Victor Serge used this tone in writing about Russia 25 years ago, they had earned it, for they were battling against widespread illusions among "progressive" intellectuals in the West. But while Fast, like any other human being, has earned his right to sorrow and pain, he might have taken a more modest tone had he kept asking himself the question which he neither can nor should wish to avoid: why so late?

For it is a question that brings us to the heart of a major distinction in the analysis of Communism and its relationship to intellectuals. A few decades ago the average Communist or fellow-travelling intellectual suffered from ignorance and illusions. He generally believed that Russian society conformed to his vaguely libertarian and socialist desires; he felt himself to be identified with a movement that was weak and a country that was beseiged; he thought he was casting his lot with the oppressed and powerless of the world. Once he was forced to compare the reality of Stalinism with the ideals he confusedly held, he could often be broken from the party.

DURING the last ten or fifteen years, however, men like Fast were identifying themselves not with a besieged outpost of revolution, but with one of the two most powerful nations on earth. Communism was persecuted in America, but on a world scale it had become enormously strong. Loyalty to Russia now rested not primarily (though, in some cases still partly) on humanitarian illusions, but upon a corruption of values: Communism, inhumane as it might be, came to be regarded as the wave of the future. By now the Communist intellectuals could hardly help knowing at least some of the truth about Russia—for them to deny this would be as credible as the claim of the Germans that they did not know what was happening in Buchenwald. Those who remained faithful to the party learned to look the other way, they became masters at the art of deadening their sensibilities.

Between, say, 1932 and 1948 the whole nature of Communist politics and psychology changed significantly, and among American intellectuals Fast was one of the few who stuck it out through the climax of Stalinist horror. The question, "why so long," therefore becomes more than a personal reproach; it is a request for an analysis of political morality which men like Fast cannot avoid if they are to finish the painful task of earning their freedom.

As it is, Fast has broken loose from Communist belief but not from the style of thought behind it. Let me cite one example, apparently trivial yet very revealing. The writer in America, says Fast, faces "the Communist party on his left, the fleshpots of well-paid mediocrity on his right; but I make no judgments. . . . Ours is an old and honorable craft, and perhaps someday it will be that again."

Now, by its tacit elimination of a large number of choices other than the CP and the fleshpots, is this not the kind of offensive nonsense that characterizes the style of Communist thought? There are no doubt plenty of writers in America who have sold their souls, but there are also many who, whatever intellectual disagreements one may have with them, remain honest and free. These are writers who find no difficulty in foregoing both the Communist party and the fleshpots, and who pursue their craft as honorable men. Being fallible and human, they are open to many criticisms, but I doubt that Fast is the one to make them. Besides, does he really suppose that writing for *The New Republic* or any number of similar journals is exactly equivalent to dipping into a fleshpot?

The Naked God, like many bad books before it, may prove to be a useful book. For if politics requires men to refight battles that a disinterested intellect considers to have been settled long ago, then the need remains for hammering away at the deceit of Communism. If Fast's book is widely circulated in France and India, it may do some good. If it is read by those sections of crypto-Communist opinion in America which, though horrified by the Khrushchev report, still think that some sort of "progress" or even "socialism" can be found in Russia, it may do some good. For we had better recognize that pro-Russian sentiment is far more significant than the present collapse of the Communist party would indicate: those for whom Dnieperstroy was an adequate reply to the slave camps in Siberia will now find Sputnik a brilliant reply to what happened in Hungary.

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The Darwin of the Bureaucrats

by Charles Curran

PROFESSOR C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON is a British egghead. During the last war, he became a temporary Civil Servant in London. It was a traumatic experience—as momentous in its results as the fall of the apple on the head of Sir Isaac Newton. For it led him to attack a problem that had been written off as insoluble; namely, the genetic mystery of why bureaucrats reproduce themselves at a rate that makes the Australian rabbit resemble a sterilized tortoise. Now, after years of research, his studies have culminated in triumph.

Parkinson's Law And Other Studies in Administration, by Professor C. Northcote Parkinson (Houghton Mifflin; $3).

For he has discovered the factors that control fertility among bureaucrats. More; he has embodied them in a mathematical formula that enables the rate of growth to be calculated to two places of decimals. With justifiable pride, he calls this formula Parkinson's Law. It rests upon two axioms that apply to any Government department. They are (1) an official wants to multiply subordinates, not rivals and (2) officials make work for each other. For example:

Mr. A is the head of a department. As middle-age creeps on, his work begins to weigh him down. He could appoint Mr. B to share it with him. But if he did this, Mr. B would then become his rival in the promotion stakes. Therefore, instead of doing so he appoints two subordinates, Mr. C and Mr. D, divides the work between them and co-ordinates their labors.

Presently, he gives Mr. C two assistants—and then, for equity's sake, does as much for Mr. D. Thus, there are now seven officials in place of one. But none of them is idle. For all make work for each other. In fact, the department becomes so busy that Mr. A's star blazes in the bureaucratic sky and his promotion is assured.

Professor Parkinson sums up the process in one tremendous aphorism; *work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion.* This expansion is self-actuating. It has no connection at all with the duties, if any, imposed on a Government department. The erroneous belief that there was some hidden connection misled all previous researchers into bureaucratic reproduction; and this, says Parkinson, is the reason why their labors were fruitless. He demonstrates the validity of his conclusion by citing actual fertility figures from British Government documents.

In the year 1914, for instance, the British Navy consisted of 62 capital ships, 146,000 fighting men, and 2,000 bureaucrats. By 1928 the ships had dwindled to 20 (a fall of 67 per cent), and the fighting men to 100,000 (a fall of 31.5 percent). But the bureaucrats had multiplied to 3,569—an increase of 78 percent. Their rate of growth was 5.6 percent per year. This had nothing to do with the size of the Navy. In fact, their fecundity would have been just as great if there had been no ships at all, and no seamen either.

Having enunciated his axioms and exhibited them at work, Parkinson then lays down the universal Law that governs the fertility rate. In any Government department, he says, the staff increase will follow this formula:

$$X = \frac{2K^m + L}{N}$$

where K is the number of staff seeking promotion through the appointment of subordinates; m is the number of man-hours devoted to answering minutes within the department; L represents the difference between the ages of appointment and retirement; and N is the number of effective units being administered. Then X will be the number of new staff required each year. To find the percentage increase for any one year, you multiply X by 100 and divide by the staff total of the previous year. If this total is represented by Y, the percentage formula is:

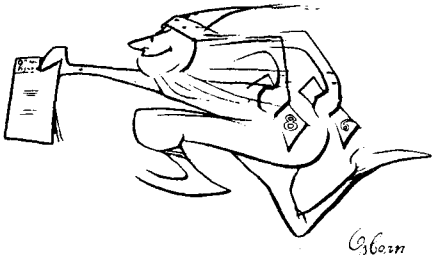
$$\frac{100\ (2K^m + L)}{YN}$$

"This figure" says Parkinson "will invariably prove to be between 5.17 percent and 6.56 percent, irrespective of any variation in the amount of work (if any) to be done."

Parkinson's Law is a triumph for the inductive method of reasoning — that logical master-key which has unlocked so many of Nature's secrets. The researcher who employs this method puts aside *a priori* guesses or intuitive short cuts. Patiently, laboriously, he accumulates his particular instances; then, with the brooding certitude of genius, he extracts from his mass of apparently disconnected data his great generalization. At once, they group themselves around it, like iron filings obeying a magnet. The scientific sorcerer waves his inductive wand, and chaos is turned into order.

WITH HIS CRY of "Eureka," Parkinson might well stop there. But he does not stop there. Having brought bureaucratic fertility under the rule of law, he goes on, with a splendid lavishness, to attack other bureaucratic mysteries in the same way. Thus, he finds a formula for working out a committee's co-efficient of inefficiency; another formula that gives the ambitious guest at an official cocktail party his optimum time of arrival and charts his course from drink to drink; yet another formula enabling the citizen to avoid payment of taxes.

Professor Parkinson has done for bureaucracy what Darwin did for the origin of species. Just as Darwin showed that one grand design links the ape, the liverfluke and the inhabitants of Brooklyn in a common cosmic purpose, so Parkinson similarly has uncovered the causative factors that control the apparently aimless processes of courtship, mating and breeding in Government offices everywhere from Whitehall to the Pentagon. This book is the Sputnik of sociology.



This Christmas give The New Republic

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ART

Diego Rivera and Monumental Painting

DIEGO RIVERA died a few weeks ago full of years and honors. His reconciliation, in 1954, with official Soviet Communism was ironically appropriate for the end of a long, highly controversial career dedicated to the service of Communism. Until his formal act of contrition five years ago, Rivera's dedication had been to his own vision of Communism as the bringer of peace and prosperity to the peoples. Since an artist's own vision, however flattering, is useless to the bourgeois Bolshevik come to power. Rivera had for years been as detested by the Party as he ever was by American capitalism at the height of his inconclusive warfare against it in Detroit and New York in the thirties.

Many of us got our first intimations of artistic integrity from Rivera's battle of Rockefeller Center and particularly from E. B. White's ballad of the dialogue between the painter and "John D.'s grandson Nelson."

"And the thing that is dearest in life to me
In a bourgeois hall is Integrity;
However . . .
I'll take out a couple of people drinkin'
And put in a picture of Abraham Lincoln;
I could even give you McCormick's reaper
And still not make my art much cheaper.
But the head of Lenin has got to stay
Or my friends will give me the bird today,
The bird, the bird, forever."

As social history a couple of things are worth recalling. One is that just prior to John D.'s grandson's balking at Lenin, Edsel Ford had financed and defended against considerable community pressure Rivera's portrait of the city in the Detroit Institute of Arts. Another is that Lenin was no part of Rockefeller's understanding of the original agreement with the artist and that, when the regrettable decision was made to scrap the project, Rivera was paid in full. He later redid the mural in Mexico City and ultimately denounced it as part of his penance. The head of Trotsky had got to go before the Party paid off the painter.

The "friends" mentioned by White seem to have been the splinter Communist group, the Lovestonites. With the Rockefeller cash, Rivera painted a portable mural, "Portrait of America," for their headquarters on West 14th St. This series ended up at the summer camp of the garment workers in Pennsylvania. Since the subject is one we're all reasonably familiar with, the history of America from colonization to New Deal, the murals offer a pretty fair demonstration of what was wrong with Diego Rivera, monumental painter.

For the panels, Rivera did the kind of hurry-up research that Tiepolo must have done time and again for the Apotheosis pictures all over Europe. In a way the results are similar except for the fact that Tiepolo was an incomparably better painter. Like Tiepolo's, Rivera's vision of life was fairly simple-minded. The America series is a precise reverse of the equally simple-minded stories of heroes and virtues which, I understand, used to be taught in our schools. The country was founded on slavery; the chief figure of the Civil War is J. P. Morgan; the Statue of Liberty is behind bars; and the New Deal is the beginning of Fascism.

IT ISN'T the conclusion that concerns me at the moment; it's the wild oversimplification that comes from partisan commitment. This is one of the reasons Orozco is so much better a painter than Rivera. Their visions are in contact at many points, but Orozco looks deeper and accepts no pie in anybody's sky. One result of Rivera's simple-minded partisan commitment is that the America murals constitute a seemingly endless series of portrait heads. The work is a freight train; the only aesthetic problem is to count the cars.

The Detroit murals came off considerably better than the America series. The endless belts, the pipes and the wheels of industry gave Rivera the structure for complexity and unity of composition approaching that of Orozco. Detroit, apparently, gave Rivera his first real look at big time industry and he painted what he saw, not what he "knew" to be truth. Interestingly enough, he accepts Detroit on its face value, something that most American artists have never quite done. There are, to be sure, a couple of giant clenched fists, as border decorations, but the golden future of the Detroit painting has the same origin as it does in native Detroit thought: the machines themselves are the cornucopia.

Orozco and Siqueiros were both able to project an intensely felt personal vision of public concerns into monumental painting. Rivera's work rarely, if ever, approaches the artistic success of theirs. The Chapel at Chapingo done 30 years ago with great symbolic figures of very basic human experience and even Zapata and Montano translated into human verities, remains today Rivera's most completely successful monumental work. The earth figures of female nudes come closest to the sensitive draftsmanship and feeling for the subject that are found more easily in his easel paintings of Mexican women and their children, of individual patriots and peasants.

MONUMENTAL PAINTING is an important thing and Rivera's willing sacrifice of a beautiful and effective easel technique for what he knew to be important, commands our respect. His gift for controversy brought the new Mexican monumentality to the attention of the world. Monumental painting seeks ready communication with the largest possible number of people. For this purpose it grows up around, illustrates, and at the same time, expands the meaning of a widely held body of beliefs and ideas capable of visual incarnation. The idea of Christ as God and Man provided such a bridge from Giotto and, despite Tiepolo, may not be entirely worn out yet. The idea of the Revolution was and remains the bridge for the Mexican muralists. The Revolution is actually an extension of the Christian theme and its possibilities have not been exhausted. Rivera's tragedy was that the process of growth and decay that occupied the Italians over four centuries took him just about a decade.

FRANK GETLEIN

Notes on Contributors

CLAUDIO GUILLEN is a critic of modern European literature. IRVING HOWE'S newest work is *Politics and the Novel.* CHARLES CURRAN is a British political commentator.

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

In the last regular session of the Texas Legislature, a body in which I served for six years, a law was passed making it mandatory that an election be held before any school district could be integrated. Only if the people vote favorably can there be school integration.

This means that a decision of the Supreme Court is subject to a popular vote in Texas and that integration of the large majority of Texas schools may be a hopeless matter. If you agree that the Pleasanton vote was a good thing and that the law providing for the election was constitutional, you must also agree that an unfavorable vote must be respected as an expression of the law of the land.

As a white Southerner I would not want my civil rights determined by a popular vote in Harlem, nor would I want, if I were a Negro, my civil rights determined by popular vote in most areas of the South. This business of making a judicial decision the object of a popularity contest is silly and dangerous.

MAURY MAVERICK, JR.
San Antonio, Texas

► *Mencken and Prejudice*

SIRS:

MR. ANGOFF overdoes his portrait of Mencken (*NR*, Nov. 18) as a crypto-racist. He has evidently forgotten, for example, that in 1935, when the Senate Judiciary Committee held hearings on the Wagner-Costigan anti-lynching bill, Mencken testified with force and effect for the bill (and was the only writer to do so, though others supported the bill by the usual telegrams). Mencken said on this occasion: "No government pretending to be civilized can go on condoning such atrocities. Either it must make every possible effort to put them down or it must suffer the scorn and contempt of Christendom." Mencken had more than his share of irrational prejudice, but why insist on turning him into a proto-fascist? His broad impact, as Gerald Johnson rightly says, was as "the Old Defender of freedom and intelligence."

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

► *The "Catholic Vote"*

SIRS:

NOW that ethnic and economic differences have been levelled there does not exist a spontaneous "Catholic Vote." I know of no Catholic who would admit to the slightest emotional or historical satisfaction in seeing a co-religionist in the White House. Such a vote however could be artificially stimulated by unscrupulous campaign tactics, even elsewhere than in Boston.

We have so many divisions which are capable of destroying us couldn't we defer a religious Donnybrook until some later date? If we want to break a precedent why not try a man who doesn't go to church at all?

E. R. SAUL
Washington, D. C.

► *A Life for a Life?*

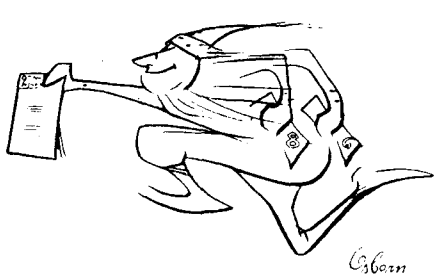
SIRS:

CHARLES CURRAN'S review of the book by Playfair and Sington against capital punishment (*NR*, Nov. 18), on first reading seemed quite interesting. On second reading, it seemed rather weird.

Just how he manages to turn attempts at preventing the development of criminal tendencies, and to reform criminals rather than punishing them, into brainwashing and the destruction of personality, is beyond me. To finally claim that there is no chance to abolish capital punishment until we get rid of Christianity, is an odd argument too.

Does Christianity, in its original context, and among us today, actually stand for "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" and a life for a life?

HOWARD OSBORNE
Brookings, S. D.



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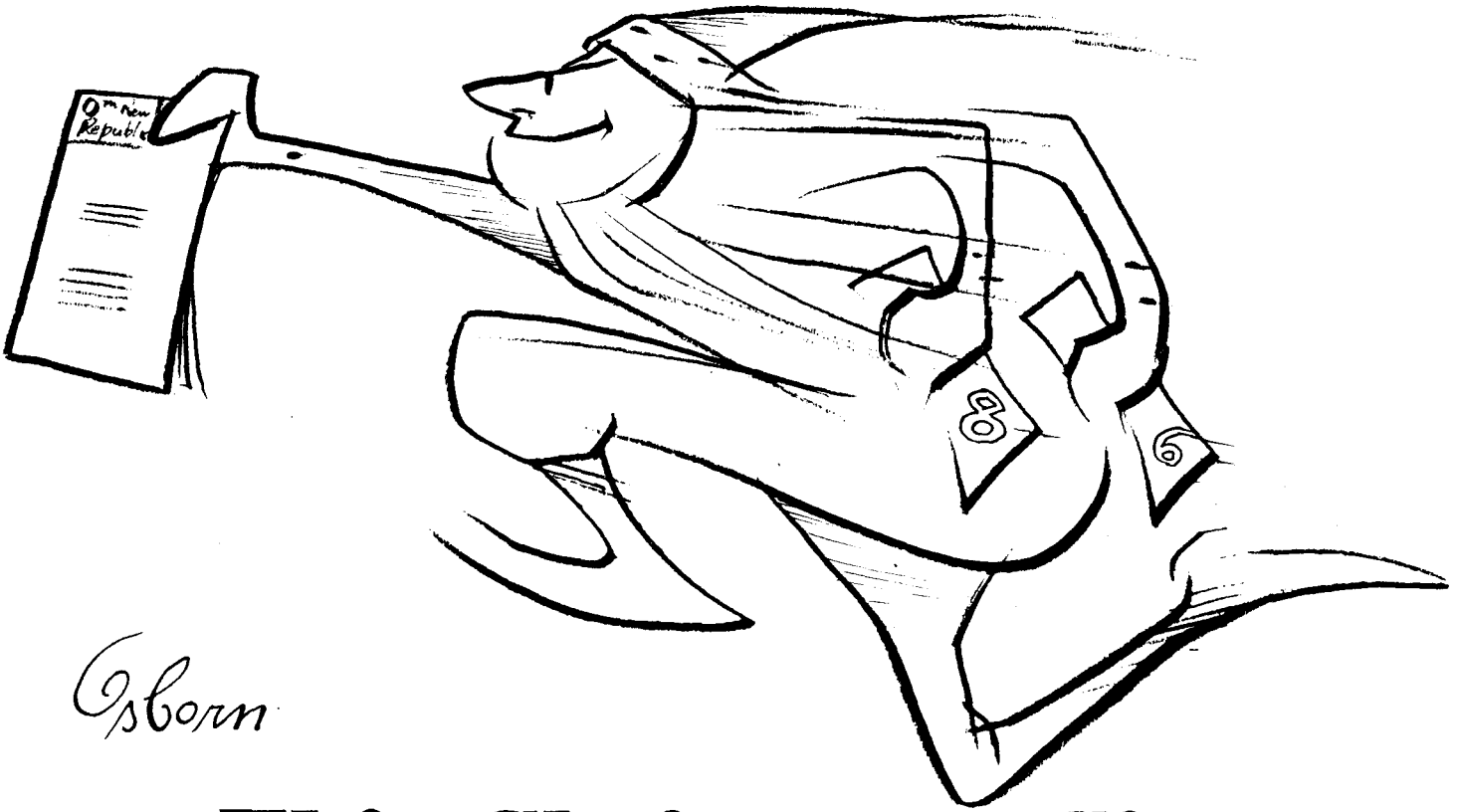

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